The Columbus Commercial

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WEEKLY EDITION.

THE POTTER AND HIS CLAY.

'Tis only common clay, with pebbles scattered through,
Just common clay,
Unnoticed by the throng in search of something new,
The live-long day.
But 'neath the potter's skillful touch and furnace blast
'Tis changed to vessel wondrous fair, until at last
'Tis fit for king to see,
Or incense lamp to be—
That ugly, common clay.

Thy life, O fellow-man, is only vulgar earth,
Just common clay,
By thee and others trodden down as without worth
From day to day;
But God can mold it into form so fair and true
That in His presence thou shalt stand, created new,
Made fit thy King to see,
And in His presence be—
Transformed and glorious clay.

His plan for thee is fairer far than dream of thine—
Just patient stand.
His likeness day by day He's tracing, line by line,
In colors grand.
Be patient 'neath His touch, nor faint when fierce the blast,
And soon the task will be complete, until at last
He'll take thee home, to be
Through all eternity
With those at His right hand.

But ere that glorious day shall dawn, undimmed by cloud,
Eternal day,
Bring thou, my child, to Christ thy Lord some other clod,
Some other clay,
For Him to change from vulgar earth to vessel grand,
From which shall shine His likeness fair, and which shall stand,
Without one ugly line,
Before the King Divine
In that eternal day.

—George R. Varney, in Chicago Standard.

CHECKMATE.

By Julia Truitt Bishop.

THE two men, riding a little distance from the house, sat on their horses and looked at one another.

"He went there, sure as fate," said the elder man, with decision.

"But she says not," said the younger, much perturbed. "An' if she says so it'll pay us to go slow. Old May's mighty touchy."

The sheriff ran his fingers grimly through his long beard, and gazed at the house in question. "Looks mighty innocent," he said reflectively. "Nobody at home but the girl—her there ironin'—ducks and chickens in the yard—everything like it had been just so for a year."

The young man, who chanced to be deputy sheriff, smiled at his superior with some embarrassment. "Tell ye what," he said blushing, "if he's there I can get that girl to give him up. I'm some acquainted with her," he added, consciously. "I've took her to church once or twice—an' onct on a hay-ride. You just go off down the road and wait at that sycamore tree at the fur side o' the clearin'. Bet you five dollars if the man's there I'll bring him out."

"See what it is to have a kind o' way with women," sighed the sheriff. "There was always somethin' lackin' in me, but whenever I piped they didn't dance, not by a long sight. I'll wait for ye, Ben."

The sheriff rode away as though he had given up the quest, while Ben Pringle, deputy of a week's standing and intent on his first capture, went back to the house he had quitted a few minutes before. He was a handsome young fellow, tall and alert. There was something suggestive of power in the very manner in which he tossed the bridle over a fence-post and slapped the horse's neck, making that animal bound airily; and perhaps the girl within was not altogether unconscious of it.

She bent over the table sprinkling more clothes and singing to herself. The neck of her waist was turned in, showing the round, white throat. Her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and such arms might have set throbbing an older heart than his. All the mass of her red-brown hair was piled up on her head, but there were alluring little curls that fluffed around her forehead and strayed over her neck. The deputy sheriff inwardly reminded himself that he had come back in pursuit of an escaped prisoner; but when he paused to think he was not quite too sure. As for her, when she straightened up at the sound of his step in the door there was a daring light in her eyes.

"Back already?" she said with a laugh and a toss of her head. "You'd better be out hunting for the man that beat Sol Wiggins, it seems to me."

The deputy sheriff sat down deliberately. "I don't mind waitin' awhile," he said civilly. "We think the man came this way, an' havin' a kind o' friendship for—the family you know—I couldn't rest easy with you here alone and the man loose in the woods."

His eyes were fixed on a closet door just beyond her. That was absolutely the only place possible.

"So! You're worried about me!" said the girl, flashing that light in her eyes upon him. "Now, isn't that kind of you—especially as father's in the field just over yonder, and if I called he'd come."

She took up an iron from before the fire and held it near her glowing cheek, looking at him the while.

"You seem to forget that other people may be worried about you as well as your father," he said, with an emphasis that was tenderer than he had really meant to make it.

The girl opened her eyes with a babylike stare as she rubbed the iron smooth on a cloth. "Other people?" she repeated. "Oh, yes; you mean my mother, and Aunt Lucy, and Cousin Jim. They are all in town to-day, but perhaps they'll hurry back because they are worried."

He felt that he was not making much headway. The abrupt motion he made tipped his chair down with a crash.

"You know," said the girl, spreading out a garment with elaborate care and beginning to run the iron over it with skillful haste. "I never felt so flattered in my life. Here is a criminal loose in the country—not so very much of a criminal, either, just the man that got into a fight with Sol Wiggins, and laid Sol up for a while—and here comes an officer and stands guard over me, so that I won't be harmed. Now, isn't that beautiful? I suppose that's what the country hires officers for—to come and sit here and watch me iron, and scare off criminals."

Her mockery set his face ablaze; but he would not allow himself to be ridiculed out of his purpose.

"I'd do more than that for you," he said, leaning his elbow on the table and looking up at her.

"Would you?" she asked. "I wish you knew how to iron. If you could only take that off my hands now—or perhaps you wouldn't mind splitting up a little wood there and making a fire in the stove."

Ben Pringle frowned. "I don't know nothin' about that kind of work," he said, firmly; "but I know how to catch up with people that's hiding criminals from the officers."

She set the iron down before the fire and perched herself on the edge of the table. "Are there people who do such a thing as that?" she asked with awe. "Mercy, what wicked people they must be! When you catch people at a thing like that, what do you do to them? Take them to jail?"

"We settle with 'em," he said, darkly.

"Oh, how awful that sounds," she said, with a shudder. "And now, with so many criminals to catch and people to be settled with, how can you stay here and bother me with my ironing? Do hurry off now and tell Sheriff Barton he isn't hiding here."

She slipped down from the table and began ironing again, humming the remainder of that little tune, as though the discussion was quite finished as far as she was concerned.

"I'll look around a little first," he said, rising with a darkened countenance. His eyes were fastened upon the door of the closet, and he drew near it.

The girl stepped back toward the door and flung up her head like a deer. The time for jesting was over. "What are you going to do?" she demanded.

"I'm goin' to see who's hid in that closet," he thundered, extending a hand.

But she was too quick for him, and sprang to the closet door and stood with her back against it, her round, young arms laid out on either side. Her blood was up, and her brown eyes flashed fire into his.

"Don't dare to touch me!" she cried, the red glow surging into her face; and determined as he was, he fell back discomfited.

"You've got somebody in there," he said, sternly, "an' I'm going to see who it is before I leave."

"Are you?" she said, smiling at him tauntingly, as though she dared him with all his height and strength. "All right—come push me away and break down the door!"

He stood and looked at her with the kind of helplessness that strong men feel in a clash of wills with women. He could have crushed her with one hand. He could have thrust her aside as though she had been a gnat. Yet there she was, standing up and defying him.

"I have to do it, Miss Bert," he said, falteringly. "I hate to do it mightily, but the law compels me to see into that closet."

"The law doesn't know anything about it," she retorted, with all a woman's unreason.

"But it has to know," he said, almost suppliantly. "Just stand out o' the way, now, Miss Bert, an' let me look into that closet."

She stood still, her pretty head up, her arms thrown back against the wall.

"Do, now, Bert!" he pleaded, desperately. "I hate to do it—if I wasn't compelled, the fellow could go hang for all of me. But I just must see into that closet. I'll—I'll never forgive you if you make me push you out o' the way."

The girl dropped her arms and walked over to the window like an offended princess.

"Open the door, then!" she cried, haughtily; and with deep humiliation, and something rising in his throat and choking speech, he took up a hatchet from the corner and pried the door open.

The shelves within were adorned with boxes and cans and such gear from floor to ceiling. The rest was empty.

As he fell back discomfited the girl burst into ringing laughter. "Thank you for waiting so long," she said, cheerfully. "It gave the man a good chance to get across Hollow Tree ford and into another state. I gave him directions early this morning. I hope you have enjoyed your stay. Come again, Mr. Pringle."

"What did you mean by makin' me think he was hidden there?" he demanded, furiously, unappeased by the dancing brown eyes that looked into his.

"I didn't tell you that he was there," she said, innocently. "You said he was there yourself."

Ben Pringle flung himself out of the house and upon his horse without a backward glance. If he had looked he would have seen the girl standing in the door, shading her eyes with her hand and waving something white after him; but he could not look. Down under the sycamore tree vengeance was waiting for him in the the person of a grim old sheriff who had an extraordinary gift of language.

The girl watched them out of sight and then turned back into the room. "You can come out now," she said; and the man who had laid Sol Wiggins low came forth from his hiding place.

"Talk about Delilah!" he said, gleefully, as he stretched his cramped limbs. "I'll bet you could give her cards and spa—"

"I wouldn't talk about anything," she said, briefly. "I'd strike out for the lower ford, and try to get across before they find the track again."

And acting on her suggestion he went; but bursts of laughter made merry the solemn road down to the lower ford.

Three weeks later Ben Pringle, still in the depths of humiliation, told Sheriff Barton all about it.

"I thought I knew something about women," he said, irritably, sitting sidewise on his horse; "but there she was, ironin' away an' chaffin' me all that time, with him hid under the ironin' table. She had a big quilt spread over it to iron on, an' there he was so close I could 'a' reached out an' caught 'im from where I was sittin'. Blame a woman, that's what I say!"

"Beats me," said the elder man, thoughtfully, "how easy it is for some folks to be come over by a woman. Now, if I'd gone there, looks to me like I'd 'a' seen into that little game. There ought to be somethin' done with that girl. She ought to be taught a lesson."

"That's what I thought," said the deputy, with a chastened spirit. "I went there an' talked to her seriously—an' we're goin' to be married next month. You see it occurred to me—"

"What!" ejaculated the sheriff.

"That there ain't a mob livin' could get a prisoner away from that girl if she didn't want to give 'im up."

The sheriff considered the question thoughtfully.

"But Ned, if that ain't so!" he exclaimed, with astonished conviction. "We'll just take 'er into partnership, Ben—ironin' table an' all!"—Woman's Home Companion.

ORIENTAL SUAVITY.

Where Truthfulness Is Regarded as Secondary to the Ability to Making One's Self Agreeable.

The gentleman of the east feels bound, out of politeness, to give one the answer that will prove most agreeable. An English traveler, according to Youth's Companion, reports from northern India the result obtained from intelligent natives by repeated inquiries.

"Is it far to Gilgit?"

"Not so far, your highness."

"One or two kos?"

"Yes, your highness."

"Isn't it three?"

"It may be, your highness."

"Is that what it is?"

"It may be five or six, your highness."

"Then why did you say it was one or two?"

"To please your highness."

"Now, what is the real distance?"

"Whatever your highness pleases."

Here is another specimen. At a certain village the traveler inquired of the proper official, the cutwal, as to supplies. "Any eggs or milk?"

"Plenty, your highness."

"Sheep?"

"Plenty, your highness," and so on through the list.

They were told there was plenty of everything. So they ordered a lot of things to be brought, and rejoiced in the idea of plenty—milk, eggs and butter being occasionally scarce; but nothing came. Then they finally sent for the official again.

"Where are the eggs?"

"There are no eggs, may it please your highness."

"No eggs! Well, where's the milk?"

"May it please your highness, I cannot find any milk."

"Cannot find any milk? What do you mean? Where are the cows?"

"There are not any cows, your highness."

"Then why did you say there were plenty of supplies?"

"To please your highness."

Could Not Pass the Examination.

A southern woman speaks with pride of the many years of faithful, loving service rendered by her dusky housekeeper. Not only is "Aunt Ca'line" valued for her executive ability, but her judgment is so wise in most cases that her mistress has come to depend greatly upon her opinion in certain matters.

"Do you think James would be a good man for us to take up into the mountains with us this summer, Aunt Ca'line?" she asked one day, referring to a handsome young darky who had been for six weeks in her employ.

Aunt Ca'line folded her arms and assumed her most judicial aspect. "Missy Kate," she said, firmly, "I done watch dat boy eber sence he come hyar, an' I done test him. When I tested him in de case ob de spring bed, I foun' out dat when it come to liftin,' dat boy was all take hold an' mighty little raise. Missy Kate, an' dats a pore sign ob character, in my opinions."—Youth's Companion.

As to Doctors' and Lawyers' Fees.

In conversaiton the other day a prominent lawyer remarked to a physician of repute that the Plant estate, amounting to some $40,000,000, would bring the lawyers about $1,000,000 in fees. The doctor asked the lawyer: "Mr. F., suppose Mr. Plant were dying, but there being a chance of saving his life by a difficult operation, a surgeon should operate and save Mr. Plant's life, would that surgeon be justified in sending in a bill for $100,000?"

The immediate answer was: "Certainly not."

"Well," asked Dr. M., "how is it that the lawyers can charge such large fees?"

"Because," replied the advocate, "a lawyer's fees are fixed by the courts."

And the celebrated physician, whose office fees of ten dollars is often grudingly paid, remarked:

"You lawyers have solved the problem of self-preservation, while we are spending our time in the preservation of others."—N. Y. Times.

PUZZLE PICTURE.

"MA SAID YOU SHOULD GET OFF THAT FENCE." WHERE IS SHE?

HUSBANDS NEVER SEE WIVES.

Customs Among the Uncivilized That Have Had Their Prototypes in Modern Days.

Among certain African tribes husbands are not permitted to look upon their wives. They live in huts apart, and only during the night are they allowed to visit their brides. This custom, which prevails in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo, is equaled in singularity by that in vogue at Futa, where wives never permit their husbands to see them unveiled until three years have elapsed since their marriage, says a London paper.

In ancient Sparta the husband was only able to seek the society of his wife by stealth and under cover of darkness, as seems to be the case among the Turkomans of the present day, on whom, sometimes for the space of two years after marriage, a similar taboo is laid. Circassian women, although they do not carry prudery to this extravagant excess, always live on the coolest terms with their husbands, until they have become mothers.

Among civilized peoples eccentricity has been known to afford analogous, if solitary, examples; as in the case of the wife of a Viennese doctor who, having on the eve of the day originally fixed for her marriage, been stricken with smallpox, which completely destroyed her good looks, became a bride only on condition that she might ever by day wear a thick veil. This stipulation, however, she herself afterwards rescinded.

A curious marriage was a few years since celebrated in the Russian province of Simbirsk. The bride, who, by withdrawing herself entirely from the world, had obtained a reputation for great sanctity, bestowed her hand upon an ascetic of equal fame. The couple had never previously seen each other, nor did they when the priest had made them one; for after the ceremony, in which they took part blindfolded, they separated, never to meet again.

Almost as singular was the wedding, at which the bride wore a silk handkerchief wrapped loosely round her face, that took place in the '50s in a church in a northern district of London. To save her parents from ruin she had consented to marry a rich man, whom she regarded with aversion, on the stipulation that he should never behold her when she had become his wife. After the ceremony she returned to her parents' house, which, however, her husband, through the good offices of friends, persuaded her to abandon for his own.

A widow, whose husband had had the misfortune to be blind, was sought in second marriage by a well-to-do citizen of Leeds. She, however, rejected his addresses, and on his demanding a reason averred that she could on no account permit him to exercise a privilege that had not been enjoyed by her first choice—viz.: that of looking upon her face. Her lover fell in with her humor, and so obstinate did she prove when his wife that more than three months elapsed ere he could induce her to remove the thick veil under which since her wedding she had hidden her features.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century there appeared at Brunn, in Bohemia, an impostor, named Maria Zoller, who, giving herself out to be inspired, invariably wore a veil when among her followers—of whom she had many—lest, as she pretended, the divine effulgence that streamed from her countenance should strike them dead. A number believed in her pretensions, among others a rich old farmer, who went so far in his folly as to ask her hand in marriage.

Loath to forego a wealthy husband, and at the same time unwilling to confess to a gross imposture, she advanced the fact that he must, as her husband, sooner or later behold the splendor of her face, and consequently perish miserably. The man, however, as doubtless she intended, still pressed his suit, and, on her urging that she dare not have murder on her conscience, deprived himself of sight that he might qualify for her husband. Soon afterwards Zoller, now that her ridiculous assumptions were in no danger of exposure, espoused her fatuous wooer, who to the day of his death believed that he had been providentially favored.

Corean Bachelors Wear Skirts.

A peculiar custom is followed in remote Korea, where a man is not permitted to attain the dignity of trousers until he has become a benedict, which, in accordance with Korean tradition, amounts to the same thing as gaining a definite position in life, as the Korean youth is not permitted to take a wife unto himself until he is able to support her according to his and her rank and to enable her to take her proper position in society. The steady encroachment of western ideas from Russia and Japan is bringing European garments with it, and this curious custom is gradually becoming a thing of the past.—Detroit Free Press.

The "Humane" Whipping Post

By JESSIE LLEWELLYN,

Daughter of Ex-Governor Llewellyn, of Kansas.

THE Chicago Humane society, through Mr. John Shorthall, has recommended a revival of the public whipping post. The "Humanity" of Mr. Shorthall, like that of a great many "charitably inclined," seems to be for the protection of all animals except the human variety. The whipping post for men and women and a heavy fine for those who inflict like punishment on horses or dogs. It is the same discrimination in degree that is manifested by the woman of ultra fashion for her pet dog in preference to her children.

If a horse is vicious, a man will set about to tame it, usually with firm and gentle methods. It is taught, trained, coaxed and fed. Its value exceeds that of the "docile plug" which "any woman can drive" because the very viciousness indicates "spirit" and "go." It more study and care, towards greater helpfulness were bestowed upon so-called vicious men and women, especially young ones, it would often be found that their faults were also on the result of over abundant vitality and misdirected ambition.

Crime is a disease, like insanity. It may be only an "attack." It may be incurable; certainly brutality in kind is not the cure for it.

It is fashionable nowadays to buy dog licenses, breed bench cats and pay fortunes for horses that might support several families for a year.

A neatly gowned woman will trail her skirts over the dirty pavement to berate a cart driver for the under-fed appearance of his horse; she seldom, if ever, pauses to notice that the driver is underfed.

If it were "the thing" to lavish as much care on abandoned children as is given to these dogs, cats and horses, there would be less need for the "humane" whipping post.

CHARITY AS A FAD, HUMANITY ON A SALARY AND PHILANTHROPY THAT SYMPATHETICALLY STOPS WITH THE MONKEY FAMILY are current evils, for the suppression of which, ingenuous persons might bend their energies to better effect than in advocating such brutality as the public whipping post.

Jessie Llewellyn

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The majority of the Syrians in New York belong to the Greek church.

This year, for the first time, diplomas received from Harvard will be received and accepted in place of examinations for admission to the American Society of Architects.

By order of King Alfonso a Santiago court-martial has acquitted a young soldier who refused to kneel at mass because he was a Protestant. The sentence asked for by the prosecution was three years' penal servitude.

The $300,000 geological collection to be taken from the Philippines for the Louisiana Purchase exposition to be held in St. Louis in 1904 will become the property of the University of Cincinnati after the event, on condition that Prof. Guyer, of that institution, assists in the work.

The South Berwick, Me., Congregational society has just celebrated its two hundredth anniversary. This is the oldest parish in that section of the state. The first church was built in 1702 by Rev. John Wade, who went there from Brunswick. On June 4 of that year the parish was formed, known as the Parish of Unity, and when the church was completed Rev. Mr. Wade was installed as the first pastor. In the two centuries since its organization but 12 different pastors have served in the parish.

Thirty years ago in Japan the Scriptures were printed secretly, and copies were sent out only after dark. Those who were engaged in this work did it at the risk of their lives. Now there is a Christian printing company in Yokohama, issuing the Scriptures not only in Japanese, but in Chinese, Thibetan, Korean and two dialects of the Philippine islands. Last year there were circulated in Japan alone over 138,000 copies.

Prof. S. P. Brooks, who was recently elected president of Baylor university, Waco, Tex., was a section hand on the Santa Fe railroad less than 20 years ago. Out of his small earnings he saved enough to pay his expenses for a year at Baylor. His evident disposition to make the most of every opportunity attracted the attention of R. C. Burleson, founder and at that time president of the university, and the ex-section hand was given every chance to improve himself. After graduating Mr. Brooks was a member of the faculty until two years ago, when he entered Harvard to take a post-graduate course.

FOOD AND THE SEXES.

Man Tends to Expend Energy and Woman to Store It Up in the Form of Fat.

The male human needs more food than the female, not only on account of his larger stature, but also because he is the more katabolic of the two. The man tends to expend energy and the woman to store it up in the form of fat; he burns the faster. This sexual difference shows itself in the very blood, says the London Lancet; the man has a larger percentage of chromocytes than the woman, showing that he needs a proportionately larger quantity of oxygen in order to maintain his more active combustion—a fact which one may associate with his comparative freedom from chlorosis; moreover, weight for weight, his pulmonary capacity is greater than that of the woman, whose smaller respiratory need is further shown by the facility with which she can without discomfort diminish her breathing power by means of the corset. The great contrast between the metabolic activity of the two sexes was forcibly brought home to me by a military display given by a troupe of dusky amazons, with whom were also a few male warriors. The women, in spite of their daily exertions, were all rounded and plump, some very much so, no single muscle showing through the skin, and it was noticed that their movements, though full of grace, lacked energy and "go." The men, on the other hand, were spare, their muscles standing out plainly under the shiny skin, and they, in further contrast with the women, displayed a truly amazing agility, bounding about and whirling round in a most astounding fashion; the women, in short, were essentially anabolic and the men were katabolic. I may here draw attention to the fact that men are apt to be larger meat eaters than women, just as they are, possibly in consequence of this very fact, more prone to drink alcohol and ot smoke tobacco.

NATURE'S OWN EUTHANASIA.

Thanks to Man's Scientific Researches the Painfulness of Death Can Be Avoided.

Sir Henry Thompson in his essay lately republished, "The Unknown God," makes the following statement as the result of long and careful observation: "A really painful death from disease is never witnessed, says the London Telegram. Whatever of suffering may have previously occurred, the act of death is believed to be always preceded by a considerable period of insensibility. Acute and sometimes long-continued sufferings precede death. But, thanks to man's scientific researches, especially to one of the most recent, the inhalation of anaesthetic vapors, all acute sufferings can be completely avoided. In the course of most chronic diseases it is well known that some form of anodyne, of which several notable examples exist, can almost always be utilized so as to avoid severe suffering. No man should be a martyr to pain who can obtain a tolerably skillful medical attendant, and such are provided in all the public institutions for the care of the poor, or at the hospitals which abound in London, and exist in almost every small country town." Sir Henry philosophically remarks that continued sufferings "are believed by not a few to have perhaps a beneficial effect upon the sufferer himself, leading him to exercise the virtues of patience and of sympathy with fellow-sufferers."

Force of Habit.

His honor, the judge, had gone down to the Jersey coast for his vacation. He had barely stepped off the train when a picket of the mosquito band found his ankle. "A true bill," announced the newcomer, though not with official dignity.—N. Y. Times.

HUMOROUS.

Prof (in Physics)—"Tell me what you know about the decomposition of forces." Student—"It's all out."—Yale Record.

She—"He declares he loves the very ground I tread on." He—"Ah! I thought he had an eye on the estate." Harvard Lampoon.

Fussiness—"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear?" Smart—"Why, the close of day, of course."—University of Minnesota Punch Bowl.

College Idiot (indefinitely)—"It doesn't necessarily follow." Kind Friend—"What doesn't?" College Idiot—"Why, a dog—when you whistle for it."—Columbia Jester.

"Ah," soliloquized the horsethief, as he stared at the lynchers around him. "I never realized before that I had so many hangers-on. Strange, isn't it, that the last tie that binds me to this earth is the one that separates me from it?"—Cornell Widow.

The Kind That Get Away.—"That little minnow," said the first fish, "seems to have got a big opinion of himself all of a sudden." "Yes," replied he other, "he managed to wriggle off a hook this morning, and then heard the fisherman bragging about his size."—Philadelphia Press.

Fulfillment.—Rayner—"This fortune telling business is all humbug. One of those professors of palmistry told me a little while ago to look out for a 'short, blond man.'" Shyne—"I don't know about it's being all humbug. I'm blond, and I'm short. Lend me a ten, old fellow, will you?"—Chicago Tribune.

DEED OF WILSON M'FIELD.

Heroic Action of an Obscure Negro Seaman That Was Recognized by England and America.

From the records of the Royal Humane society a writer in McClure's Magazine draws the story of an obscure negro seaman whose brave deed was discovered and honored by two of the great nations of the earth. One tropical night the schooner Dolphin rested almost motionless off the Cayman rocks in Nicaragua. Crew and passengers, some 20 in all, were asleep about the deck, for it was too hot to go below. Then came such a squall as comes only in those southern seas. The sails, all set, furnished ample leverage. Within ten seconds the Dolphin was bottom up, her passengers and crew struggling in the water.

Wilson McField, a negro and a subject of Great Britain, was the first to come to the surface. All his 37 years of life he had known these waters, and he swam like a fish. He soon succeeded in climbing on the bottom of the vessel. Then he shouted to the others, and one by one pulled up five of the crew.

Fortunately the squall was soon over, although the sea was high. After they had drifted two hours the men heard strange sounds, like pounding within the vessel. Some thought they heard voices. The more superstitious were afraid. The night dragged on, and by daylight the sounds had grown fainter. The crew concluded that men were imprisoned within the boat, but none could devise a way to save them. Then the negro proposed to dive under and into the ship. They assured him he would never get out again, but carrying between his teeth one end of a rope that had been dragging from the vessel, McField dived, passed under the gunwhale and rose in the hatch.

It was pitch dark and the interior of the vessel was full of the floating cargo, but he kept on steadily. Finally, concluding that he had reached the cabin, he rose, and in an instant his head was above water. Yet so foul was the air, and so narrow the space between the water and the ship's bottom, that he could hardly breathe. He could see no one, but he heard the knocking again and called out. Then came voices, faint but familiar.

Swimming in the direction of the sound, he found two men braced against the cabin sides and holding their heads above water. One was a young rubber cutter, named Mallitz, the other a native Spanish Nicaraguan, called Obando. Both were panic-stricken and McField was obliged to threaten them with instant death if they did not obey him. He fastened the rope round Mallitz and gave the signal to pull. McField dived into the water along with his man. In his fright Mallitz entangled himself in the hatchway, and precious time was lost in freeing him. When they reached the surface Mallitz was unconscious, and McField more dead than alive.

They pulled Mallitz aboard, but McField would not follow. As soon as the rope was free he took it in his teeth and went under, found the hatch and entered the cabin. Obando was almost uncontrollable with fear and exhaustion, but McField finally secured him with the rope and gave the signal to pull up. This time the trip was made without accident, and both men were drawn on board. All the men were saved.

The United States government awarded McField a medal and $50 in gold, and the Royal Humane society, of Great Britain, gave him a silver medal.

Indian Creation Legend.

The earliest source for the religion of India is the hymns of the Rig Veda, the date of which is now fixed at about 1000 B. C., writes Morris Jastrow, Jr. In one of these hymns we encounter as the creator Purusha, who is simply a "magnified man." A pantheistic turn, however, is given to this conception under the influence of which Purusha becomes the "all in all," and is identified with the universe, with what has been and what shall be. All gods, animals, and castes are parts of him. The moon is his mind, the sun his eye, from his mouth sprang Indra and Agni, and from his breath Vayu; space from his navel, heaven from his head, and the earth from his feet. This emanation theory, when freed from its primitive elements, becomes pantheism, pure and simple. In accord with this view the source of creative activity is carried back in other hymns to "desire." We read in Vedic literature that "desire is the seed of the mind."—Harper's Magazine.

Rejected the Lines.

Nell—He wrote a lovely poem to Mabel.

Belle—I know, but she got mad and tore it up.

"The idea! Why?"

"He headed it 'Lines on Mabel's Face.'"—Philadelphia Record.